

SLEEP SONG.

Good night, my care and sorrow!
Good night, if not good by;
Till the breaking of the morrow,
At my feet, your fardels lie.

Good night, my care and sorrow!
I am launching on the deep;
And, till the dawning morrow,
Shall sail the sea of sleep.

Good night, my care and sorrow!
Good night—perhaps, good by!
For I may wake to-morrow
Beneath another sky.

Good night, all cares and sorrows!
Welcome, my boatlike bed!
None or many to to-morrows,
This one night is overhead!
—Harper's Bazar.

THE LAMBTON DIAMOND.

I.
THE famous Lambton diamond threw back the light from its many facets, and strange, brilliant colors shot from its depths. It was the finest stone I had ever set in my life.

I was particularly pleased with my design for the setting. No other hand had touched it, and I felt that the frame, so to speak, was worthy of the picture.

The ring, now that it was finished, was fit even to adorn the hand of Lady Gwendolen Forrest, the beauty and heiress of the season. But I did not envy young Lord Lambton his fiancée; in my own Nell I had a girl as good and as pretty as any in the land.

I was about to take the ring to Mr. Nugent when Nell herself ran in. She was my employer's daughter, and his private house was upstairs over the large showroom in Clifford street. It was against all custom for Nell to come down to my workshop, for her father disapproved our engagement. But today she had not been able to resist the temptation of having a peep at the Lambton diamond.

Just as she had slipped it on her finger, and was dancing about twisting her hand, that the marvelous stone might catch the light, the door opened and Mr. Nugent entered. I prepared to defend Nell from a harsh reprimand, but none came. Her father appeared oddly preoccupied, merely took the ring from her, examined it earnestly, and, snapping the lid of the case down upon it, placed it in his pocket and walked away.

Next day I was sitting at work, when I saw a hansom drive up, and Lord Lambton jump out. He came hastily into the room, which adjoined the one where I was sitting where Mr. Nugent was.

"Scoundrel!" I heard him say, and could scarcely believe my ears. "You thought to fool me easily by a false stone; but I am as good a judge of jewels as you are. You are a thief, sir! What have you done with the diamond I entrusted to you?"

Mr. Nugent answered in a lower voice. What he said could not have made any great impression upon Lord Lambton, however, for he impatiently interrupted, and at last an ominous threat concerning the "police" reached my ears.

I sat still. I understood very well that Lord Lambton had deliberately accused my employer of trying to palm off upon him an imitation diamond, yet I knew that I had set the true stone and delivered it to Mr. Nugent only yesterday.

My employer himself was a skilled workman, though not a good designer, and in the time that had elapsed between my handing him the ring and his transferring it to the owner he could have removed the stone and replaced it by another. But for such a bold trick to succeed the imitation must be magnificently made, and the original diamond must have been carefully measured.

I had never known that Mr. Nugent kept any false gems about the place, and besides was it likely that a man in his position would care to run so terrible a risk? Still, I could not help remembering how haggard and irritable he had been of late, and the keen interest that he took in the racing intelligence.

As I thus speculated on the astounding accusation, Mr. Nugent himself opened the door of the workshop. He looked keenly at me as if wondering if it would be safe to trust me.

"Did you hear anything of what passed in the next room?" he questioned.

I admitted that I had.

"Of course, I shall be triumphantly acquitted," he announced, clearing his throat, huskily, as he spoke. "Still, Lord Lambton can make things disagreeable. And look here, Wade, I haven't always been as friendly to you as I might, but I can trust you. You'll be an important witness. Do what you can for me, for the girl's sake."

The words sounded strange, but I was given no time to answer, for at that moment Lord Lambton returned with two Scotland Yard men. My employer was given into custody and taken to the police station to be charged, the detectives remaining to search the premises.

Mr. Nugent being a widower, with only one child, the management of the business practically devolved on me, and as the detectives ransacked the place, they put many questions to me as to where the stones were kept. The safes were all pointed out to them, but they seemed disappointed with their operations.

Later in the evening they came to me in the workshop, and, holding out the ring that I had made for Lord Lambton, one of them said:

"This is your work," we understand. "Is that the stone you set?"

I glanced at it, but I only replied: "I don't call myself an expert in precious stones, and all I can say is that this one precisely resembles in size, shape and appearance the one given me to set."

While this statement was practically true, that one glance had been enough to show me that I was not looking at the Lambton diamond.

The detectives left, saying that I would have to tell all I knew in the witness box, and then, just as I was about to lock up the place for the night, Nell came in. It was the first time she had let me see her since her father had been taken away.

The face which I thought the sweetest on earth was marble white, and there were dark shadows under the lashes.

"There's something I must say to you," she panted, "something I've been wild to say all day, lest it should be too late, but I dared not let anyone suspect. A month ago father confided to me that he had lost a great deal of money—and he showed me how to open a secret drawer in his Chippendale bureau. 'If ever anything happens to me,' he said, 'don't lose a moment, but look into this drawer; throw away everything that you will find in the left-hand partition, and keep what may be in the right.'"

II.
Together we ransacked the old bureau, and at length Nell touched the spring which opened the secret drawer. I drew in my breath sharply, for the light of the candle which I held struck out a gleam from a pile of exquisitely made false stones, which lay in a partition on the left hand, while on the right was the Lambton diamond.

Involuntarily I betrayed the dreadful nature of the discovery by an exclamation, for, left to herself, Nell would not have understood. But she was quick to comprehend, and realizing the worst she swayed, staggering backward.

"My poor father," she moaned, as I held her. "He is ruined forever—and I, too. The daughter of a convicted thief is no fit wife for an honest man."

"My darling, you are a wife for king, and as for your father, I swear to you that I will save him yet."

"You—you cannot!"

"I tell you that I can and will." For even as I spoke an idea had flashed into my head which startled me by its audacity. In a moment I had thought out every detail.

I made up the stones, Lambton diamond and all, into a packet, carefully closing the secret drawer, and contriving to get away without being seen, and went straight to my brother's house in Kent, managing to avoid the service of a subpoena. Thus I was not present at the police court proceedings, which would have meant ruin for my plan.

Mr. Nugent was committed for trial, and meanwhile I stayed in the country, working each night in locked room, with the tools I had brought with me, until the gray dawn filtered upon my closed shutters.

When I saw my old employer in the dock at the trial I was shocked at the ghastly change which had come over him.

The evidence at first went steadily against him. Lord Lambton swore that the stone in the ring was not his diamond. One expert testified that not only was the stone he now saw not the Lambton diamond, but was not a genuine jewel at all, but a marvelous imitation. Another was not so positive. He looked at the gem through his glass, turning it this way and that, declaring that in all his experience he had never seen a false stone so cleverly executed as this. Indeed, he was not prepared to swear that it was false.

This was the first ray of doubt which had been thrown by the evidence upon Mr. Nugent's guilt; and then I went into the box. I was very cool now, for the game I had determined on had cost me many a qualm of conscience. But I had no intention of cheating Lord Lambton, swearing falsely, or tarnishing my personal honor.

The preliminary question of the prosecuting counsel brought out the fact that I had designed the ring's setting, and done all the work upon it.

"What sort of stone was it your employer gave you to set?" was the next question.

"An extremely valuable white diamond," I replied.

"Do you swear that you set the genuine stone, and delivered the ring when finished to the prisoner?"

"I do."

"Do you consider it possible that stone might have been taken out and an imitation one substituted?"

"Certainly. But I could tell whether the ring had been tampered with since it left my hands."

"Take this, then, examine it, and inform the court if that is the stone you set."

The ring was handed to me, and a hush fell upon the court. The kind of lull which denotes that a vital point in a case has been reached.

I put my hand in my waistcoat pocket for my jeweler's glass, and the sharpest eye could not have seen that I also drew forth a new ring, made in the secret hours of the night—an exact counterpart of the other, save that it contained the real Lambton diamond.

I pretended to examine the imitation with great care while all eyes were fixed upon me. At length I returned the glass to my pocket, and with it the false stone. I could hear my own heart beating, but, handing the court usher the new ring, I said firmly, in reply to the snappish "Well?" of the prosecuting counsel:

"I swear unhesitatingly that the setting of this ring has not been tampered with, and that this is the genuine diamond which was given me to set."

A rustle went round the court; the doubting expert pricked up his ears, the prosecuting counsel, with Lord Lambton and the treasury solicitor, were whispering over the ring.

"Mind," said the counsel, "I ask permission to recall the expert."

I stepped out of the box and the expert stepped in. The new ring was put into his hand, a friendly ray of sunshine lighting up the jewel.

"This is very remarkable," he said, at last. "It's the first time I have ever made a mistake. This stone is genuine. I cannot doubt it."

And so the prisoner was free; but when the verdict of "Not guilty" was pronounced a faint groan echoed it, and a dead man was taken from the dock. A spasm of the heart had proved fatal. * * *

Six months later Nell and I were married. On our honeymoon we were walking in a lane near Iffracombe, when we came face to face with Lord Lambton, who was stopping with his bride in a neighboring country house.

"Ah, Mr. Wade," he exclaimed, "I haven't seen you since that very mysterious case of mine. Do you know I have always since thought of you—as a—very—clever man?"

"Thank you," I said, quietly. "Will you allow me, my lord, to present you to my wife—the only daughter of the late Mr. Nugent."

Lord Lambton raised his hat, looked keenly at pretty Nell, shook hands with us both, and murmured:

"Ah, I understand."

QUER STORIES.

Professor Boofelt says: The average amount of sickness in human life is nine days out of a year.

Indians never use profane language until they learn English and become civilized. So says Bishop Leonard of Nevada.

A canary of Germany has been known to continue a single trill for a minute and a quarter, with twenty changes of note in it.

How fast can a bee fly? A hive on the roof of a train was carried at the rate of thirty miles an hour before the bees were left behind.

Clocks and watches are not so much required in Liberia. The sun rises, all the year, at 6 a. m., sets at 6 p. m., and is vertically overhead at noon.

Vegetarians will be interested in a new food, claimed to resemble ordinary meat extracts in every respect, that has been obtained from malt and hops by C. O'Sullivan, principal chemist at Bass' brewery. Nothing is employed in the preparations that is not a product of the vegetable kingdom.

The natives of Persia have an odd way of testing a carpet to see if it is a true Persian product. A piece of red-hot charcoal is dropped upon it, which leaves a round single spot. If the carpet is the first quality the single wool can be brushed off with the hand without leaving a trace of the burn discernible.

In experiments with the compressed air pipes at Westphalian coal mines H. Schab has found that the greatest distance to which the sound of the voice could be conveyed in a straight pipe was between fifteen and seventeen hundred feet. For moderate distances a pipe of about twenty inches in diameter gave the best results, a slightly larger one being better for long distances.

The great cause of heat in a room is, of course, the glass, which, under the sun's rays, will become too hot to bear pressing the fingers. It is shown that those who cannot enjoy the luxury of an outside sun blind can extemporize a good substitute by simply lowering the upper half of the window frame, and turning the curtain outside. This not only screens the window, but creates a strong draught between the panes and the linen, and thus makes the glass comparatively cold.

The Sun Was Late.

They were telling stories about watches, and the man who always waits until last had just concluded a wonderful story of how a watch of the same make as the one he carried had disclosed an error in the fall of the time ball at Greenwich, England, supposed to be the most accurate time recorder in the world—when a minister spoke up. "That is not so bad, but they tell a story equally good on Dr. —," naming a well-known Columbus divine.

"What's the story?" he was asked.

"Why, you see, Dr. — owns a very accurate watch, of which he is quite proud. It happened one winter evening that he was looking over an almanac, as the sun was about to set. According to the almanac the sun was due to set in a very few minutes, although it was still somewhere above the horizon. Pulling out his watch, the doctor exclaimed, 'You had better hurry up, old sun, or you won't get down on time.' Since the almanac and the watch could not be wrong, it follows that the sun was behind hand." The minister's story was voted the prize, and no more watch stories were told that evening.—Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

Avoiding Dangerous Ground.

"That man Leveles never ceases to be a perfect gentleman," said an admiring acquaintance.

"Yes," was the reply; "he absolutely refuses to be led into conversation about the weather."—Washington Star.

Everyone puts off as much work for to-morrow as he expected the day to be a week long.

So many people who start out to be great wind up as gossips.

Kentuckians would never water their lawns if all flesh were grass.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT.

An English lady living in Ireland has her dog-cart provided with the biggest carriage-lamps in the country, so big, in fact, that her friends are wont to chaff her about their size; but an accident when they were lighted was looked upon as impossible. On a recent occasion, however, a wretched little donkey-trap crashed into her cart, considerably to the damage of both. "What do you mean, Micky," said the wrathful lady, recognizing the offender; "couldn't you see my lamps?" "Bedad I did, me lady," said Micky, meekly, "but I thought it was a shop windy!"

Appropos of the recent death of Dean Liddell, one of the joint authors of Liddell and Scott's Greek lexicon, a story goes that a freshman came before the dean and was asked how much he knew of Aeschylus. "Oh, I know all about Aeschylus," was the jaunty rejoinder; whereupon Dean Liddell set the young man to construe a passage, and speedily had occasion to find fault with the rendering. "Where did you get that from?" asked the dean. "I got it from your lexicon," came the answer. "Really," the dean was heard to mutter, half to himself, "I did not know that Scott was such a fool."

An American woman in London engaged a cab to convey her to Euston Station, and urged the cabbie to drive fast, as her time was limited. After proceeding a quarter of a mile at a funeral pace the passenger warned the cabbie to whip the horse. He did so, but the speed soon subsided to the original pace. Again the lady remonstrated, saying: "Can't you whip your horse on some tender spot to wake him up a bit?" The Jehu looked at her a moment and replied, soberly: "Well, miss, I've hit the pore 'oss all over 'is body, except 'is left ear, and I'm keepin' 'at for the Euston Road."

Louis Gallet, a French musician, presented himself at the director's room at the Grand Opera in Paris one evening during the administration of Eugene Ritt. The latter was a great stickler for the dignity of the place, and remarked as the visitor took off his top-coat that he was not in evening dress. "Yes, my dear director," returned Gallet, "I am come just as I was. So very much pressed. However, I have not had to cross the theater." "Ah," he sighed, "but on the stage of the Opera one ought always to be in evening dress." "Nevertheless," Gallet answered, lightly, "I just now saw Jean de Reszke, very stylish, no doubt, but in a frock coat—a frock coat!" "Yes, yet, no doubt, but—but—he is a tenor!"

Cardinal Wiseman used to tell a story of a rough Irish lad who entered the confessional of a priest and hinted at sanguinary revelations. "What, is it murder ye mane?" "Indade, an' it is, father, and a many of them. What, father, now, if it might be a matter of six or eight?" "He recounted a gressome list. 'I don't think there were any more,' he said, doubtfully, as he closed. 'Now, what were all these people?' sternly demanded the confessor. 'Well, father, they was jist tax-gatherers.' 'Tax-gatherers, is it?' exclaimed the priest; 'now why didn't ye tell that at first? There was no need to be takin' up me time; ye don't come here to gossip; ye come to confess yer sins!'"

During the early part of a dinner recently given in Washington, the guest of honor, a young married woman who is the proud mother of two very small boys, suddenly paused, with a startled look, in the midst of an animated conversation with her host, and cried: "There, if I didn't forget those boys again! Have you a telephone in the house, and may I use it?" Her host conducted her to the telephone, and presently she returned. "I do hope you will pardon me," she said, "but you see, I always have Georgie and Eddie say to their prayers to me before they go to sleep. In the hurry of getting off, I forgot it to-night, so I have just called up their nurse. She brought in the children to the 'phone, and they have just said their prayers over the wire, so my mind is relieved."

Lieutenant Carlin, the executive officer of the Vandalla during the terrible hurricane in the harbor of Apia, Samoa, was an enthusiastic ballplayer, and while the crew was at Mare Island, prior to their Samoan trip, he had given the preference in the selection of sailors to those who could play his favorite game. During the hurricane, after the vessel struck the reef and the men were clinging to the rigging, with the surf sweeping over the deck, many of the men were washed overboard. Lieutenant Carlin determined to make a desperate attempt to carry a line from one part of the vessel to the main yard. Into the howling wind he shouted, "I want some volunteers—good sailors!" And out of the darkness a voice replied, "Lieutenant, there ain't no sailors here, but there's plenty of ballplayers."

TO MAKE PAPER MATCHES.

Talk of Using a New Material on an Extensive Scale.

It is predicted that paper is the coming material for matches. The prospect of the wood match industry being appreciably affected by a new process for manufacturing matches of paper is held to be extremely probable, particularly as the best wood for this purpose is constantly growing scarcer and more costly. The new matches are considerably cheaper than the wooden product and weigh much less, which counts for

much in exportation. The sticks of the matches consist of paper rolled together on the bias. The paper is rather strong and porous, and, when immersed in a solution of wax, stearine and similar substances, sticks well together and burns with a bright, smokeless and odorless flame. Strips one-half inch in width are first drawn through the combustible mass and then turned by machinery into long, thin tubes, pieces of the ordinary length of wood or wax matches being cut off automatically by the machine. When the sticks are cut to size they are dipped into phosphorus, also by machinery, and the dried head easily ignites by friction on any surface. There is some talk of utilizing the new invention in the manufacture of matches on an extensive scale for export in India. The invention involves no waste whatever and the paper is delivered in rolls like the telegraph tape, and converted at one operation into match sticks, and by a second into matches that would dry without stoving for a large part of the year in India. One thing, however, must be made sure of—that a wax is used which will harden at a shade temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit at least.—Boston Transcript.

A SCIENTIFIC THIEF.

The Russian Thief's Dexterity Astonished Even the Czar.

One day while dining together, the French Ambassador and a Grand Duke of Russia were discussing the cleverness of the pickpockets of their respective countries. The Grand Duke claimed that the Russian pickpocket was the most skillful. Seeing the Ambassador incredulous, he told him he would, without knowing it, be relieved of his watch before leaving the table. He then telephoned to the head of the police to send at once the cleverest pickpocket he could lay his hands on. The man came and was put into livery and was told to wait at the table with the other servants. He was to give the Grand Duke a sign as soon as he had done the trick.

But this was not given very soon, for the Ambassador was very wary and always kept on the alert and held his hand on his fob, even when conversing with the most distinguished guests.

At last the Grand Duke received the preconcerted signal. He at once requested the Ambassador to tell him the time. The latter triumphantly put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a potato instead of his watch. To conceal his feelings he would take a pinch of snuff—his snuff box was gone. Then he missed his ring from his finger, and his gold toothpick, which he had been holding in his hand in his little case.

Amid the hilarity of the guests the sham lackey was requested to restore the articles, but the Grand Duke's merriment was changed into alarm and surprise when the thief produced two watches, two rings, two snuff boxes, etc. His Imperial Highness then made the discovery that he himself had been robbed at the same time that the French Ambassador had been despoiled so craftily.—Syracuse Standard.

The "E Flat" Horn of Santiago.

At the battle of Santiago, when the army moved forward in the charge—you probably have all read the account of it in the newspapers, how the man who played the E flat horn in the band left his place in the band and rushed forward with the soldiers in the attacking column. Now you know the band's place is in the rear. They have no gun or sword, they cannot fight, and their position is in the rear of the column, out of danger. But this man, unmindful of everything, broke away and went far up the hill with the charge, carrying in his horn over his shoulder, slung with a strap. For a time he went along unobserved, until one of the officers happened to see him. And he said to him, "What are you doing here? You can't do anything; you can't fight; you haven't any gun or sword. This is no place for you. Get down behind that rock." The soldier fell back for a minute half dazed, and feeling the pull of the strap on his shoulder replied, "I can't do anything, I can't fight." And so he got down behind a rock. But almost instantly he raised his horn and began to play that grand old air, "The Star-Spangled Banner." They heard him down in the valley, and immediately the band took it up, and in the midst of those inspiring strains the army charged to victory. I would rather have heard that soldier, playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" behind the rocks at Santiago, than to hear the finest and most perfect music that Theodore Thomas ever produced, which had no soul in it, though much of Thomas' music has.—Col. R. W. Conwell.

Watchdogs on the Water.

It is a common thing to find a dog on coasting vessels making apparently short trips, on wood schooners, for example, and other vessels so engaged, that they are frequently tied up at wharves or anchored in harbors. Dogs are also found on fishing boats and on oyster boats. These are mostly kept for watchdogs, and they serve this purpose well. The thief who strolls down a wharf or pokes around a harbor with intent to board a boat that is anchored is apt to think twice about it if he sees a big dog standing with his hind feet on the deck and his fore feet on the rail, waiting eagerly for a chance to nab him the moment he puts a foot on deck.—New York Sun.

The World's Sheep.

The number of sheep in the world is estimated to amount to 550,000,000. Of this number, between one-third and one-half are believed to be merinoes.

It's hard enough under any circumstances for a bachelor to hold a baby, but it's simply torture when the baby's mother is the girl who jilted him two years before.

GLADSTONE'S CHIVALROUS ACT.

Tracked a Wayward Wife to Induce Her to Return Home.

Attention has been recalled to a but little known and much misinterpreted episode in the career of Mr. Gladstone by the bankruptcy of Colonel Horace Walpole, nominally the adopted son, but in reality the illegitimate issue of the late earl of Orford, and for whose unworthy sake the old peer left every stick and vestige of property away from the earldom, which descended to his nephew, the present peer, who fortunately is married to a rich American girl, daughter of the railroad magnate, Daniel Corbin of New York.

Some forty years ago the late earl of Orford eloped with Lady Lincoln, wife of Lord Lincoln, who was at the time Mr. Gladstone's most intimate friend, and who subsequently became duke of Newcastle. Lord Lincoln subsequently obtained a divorce from his wife, and the most important testimony furnished in support of the petitioner's case was that of Mr. Gladstone, who admitted in court that he had spent much time and money in tracking the fugitive couple all over Europe, until he finally ran them to earth in the north of Italy. The idea that Mr. Gladstone should thus have played what appeared to be the role of a private detective in the affair brought upon him much obloquy, which it took him many years to live down. Yet those who know him best are aware that there was nothing further from his mind when he undertook the arduous task of following the eloping couple through Europe than the idea of playing a role in the divorce case or to securing testimony for Lincoln. Gladstone believed that he had great influence with Lady Lincoln, and his one and only aim was to induce her to return to her husband, who was so deeply attached to her that he was prepared to forgive her and to restore her to his heart and home if she had gone back to England with Gladstone. If Mr. Gladstone failed in his mission it was not for want of pleading, but solely and entirely because Lady Lincoln was so infatuated by the many and undeniable charms of that handsome, cultured and dashing married rascal, the late Lord Orford, that she declined to leave him under any circumstances. It was only then that Lord Lincoln reluctantly made up his mind to obtain a divorce, and asked his friend Gladstone to help him in the matter.

Lord Orford a couple of years later deserted Lady Lincoln, who ultimately became the wife of a picture dealer at Brussels, where she died a few years ago. But Lord Orford undertook to provide for the son whom she had borne him on the shores of Lake Como, in Italy, and as his countess had provided him with nothing but daughters he got to be very fond of the boy and to look upon him as his only son. He permitted him to bear the name of Horace Walpole, which was his own Christian name and patronymic; secured for him a commission in the guards when he grew up, and when he died a couple of years ago left him every bit of property that was not entailed. It has not lasted the colonel long, for he has been declared a bankrupt, with liabilities of \$500,000 and assets of about \$20,000; this too in spite of the fact that not alone landed estates yielding an income of \$70,000 a year, but likewise almost \$1,000,000 in ready cash. The colonel's losses have been incurred almost entirely on the turf.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Operated on a Tiger.

Rev. Samuel Houghton was not only a clergyman and a man of science, but a medical man to boot, and his knowledge of surgery enabled him on one occasion to perform with complete success, under circumstances of great personal danger, an operation on the paw of one of the tigers of the Dublin zoo. The claw of the animal having become distorted, had grown into the foot, and gangrene was threatened. A net was thrown over the animal and he was drawn forward to the door of the cage; and then, while the assistants held his paws, excepting the diseased one, Dr. Houghton cut away the claw. The rage of the tigress, looking on through the bars of the side den, was terrible to witness, and after the operation she turned up the paw of her mate, examined it, and then flicked him as a cat flicks a kitten. A week later Dr. Houghton was again at the zoo to see how his patient was going on. When the tiger espied him he began to purr like a cat and allowed the doctor to examine the paw. Indeed, for years afterward both the tiger and tigress showed themselves most friendly and grateful to Dr. Houghton.—London Chronicle.

The Moorish Marriage.

In Morocco a marriage is preceded by a seven days' feast, accompanied with almost incessant music. And the bride certainly cannot lead a happy life. On one of the nights she may not go to rest, but has to lie on the floor, wrapped up in a blanket, while the guests "keep it up," talking, joking and laughing, and do not go home till morning. But the actual wedding day is quite as tedious and tiresome to a sensitive woman. She is "on view," as it were, and is compelled by custom to sit on a bed with her eyes shut for some hours at a time, while all her neighbors and acquaintances from far and near, come to have a good stare at her finery, to express their good wishes, and to make a small wedding present.

Why So Named.

In the early English coinage the silver penny was minted with a deep cross. When it was broken into two parts, each was a halfpenny, and, when into four, each was a fourth, or farthing.

When a young man squeezes an heiress she is apt to find herself pressed for money.